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SUNDAY, JANUARY 17, 1909.

Mr. Taft's Atlanta Speech.

Mr. Taft's conquest of the South appears to be a substantial triumph of the conquered. He has come around gracefully to the Southern viewpoint respecting Federal appointments, thus removing the sole ground of doubt as to his Southern policy, for it has been widely recognized that the crucial test of that policy lay in the attitude of the incoming President toward the selection of Federal officeholders stationed in the South. Mr. Taft now declares his purpose to select "those whose character and reputation and standing in the community commend them to their fellow-citizens as persons qualified and able to discharge their duties well, and whose presence in important positions will remove, if any such thing exists, the sense of alienism in the government which they represent." In making this declaration Mr. Taft recognizes that expressions of sympathy with the South have no weight unless accompanied with "such appointments as shall prove this sympathy to be real and substantial."

But one interpretation can be given these words. They signify that scalawag Republican politicians, white or black, will have no place in the Taft regime, and that as local sentiment will be consulted with respect to appointments negroes will not be placed in positions of importance over the protest of the people with whom they have business relations. Mr. Taft's programme has no real meaning, unless it includes these two items, and we take it for granted the plain implication of his language was in his mind when he spoke. The quality of Federal appointments, as well as the color, has been a source of complaint from the South since reconstruction times, and Mr. Taft sees as well as anybody that an administration party cannot be built up in that section, any more than it can elsewhere, out of the rag tag and bobtail of the community. His proposal to improve the character of Federal appointees, and to take into account local opinion as to their fitness, will meet with universal approval. After all, it is merely the policy that has prevailed in the North and West, where no President would think of forcing on the people appointments of which they strongly disapprove on other than partisan grounds. The South will be free from this obnoxious form of coercion in the future.

Mr. Taft wisely renounces hope of immediate partisan profit from his liberal and sympathetic Southern policy, but he does cherish a desire to promote independence of political thought and action. This desire will doubtless be in a measure realized, for its realization accords with the aspirations of a considerable body of the best Southern opinion. Mr. Taft, indeed, appeals with tact and force to the new and progressive South, and his administration promises to mark a happy political era in the region of the late unpleasantness.

John D. Rockefeller calls attention to the fact that he said it would be "a long time before the Standard Oil paid that $29,240,000 fine." We suppose you see where he was right, don't you?

Revision and the Trusts.

A movement almost Satanic in its conception has been started in opposition to tariff revision. It is based on the theory that any serious revision of the tariff would be decidedly advantageous to trusts and combinations, and that the protective tariff must be maintained in all its present glory for the benefit of small manufacturers and for the encouragement of competition with big manufacturing corporations. To put it in another way, popular feeling against trusts is to be worked upon to uphold a high tariff, on the ground that a low tariff would chiefly promote industrial combinations, both domestic and international. Tariff revisionists are being pilloried as friends of the hated octopus, and devotees of a high tariff as the truest friends of the common people. Would you enhance the steel trust's monopoly, it is argued, then vote for lower steel duties. Would you see the world encircled by an impregnable cordon of international combinations, then make a general reduction in the tariff schedules. High duties no longer make for monopoly; lower duties are sure to do so.

The ingenuity of this argument lies in cutting away one of the chief grounds of opposition to exorbitant and prohibitive tariffs. It had been supposed, until Mr. Carnegie declared that the steel industry could get along without protective duties, that a sure way of getting rid of trusts would be to deprive them of tariff protection. The tariff was the mother of trusts, and if the mother were slain her progeny would necessarily perish. The Democratic national platform declared that "articles entering into competition with trust-controlled products should be placed upon the free list," and Mr. Bryan in commenting on this proposition, thought that it would result in the dissolution of the trusts affected by it. But when the proposition is presented in concrete form by Mr. Carnegie, what is said of it? Why, that it is a nefarious trust scheme to fasten the tentacles of the octopus more securely upon the necks of the consumer. Instead of hurting them, it is going to make the trusts invulnerable, and Mr. Burleson, of Texas, tells us how that will happen in the case of the steel trust:

"The scheme of the United States Steel Corporation at this time is probably to materially reduce the iron and steel duties, wipe out all competition in America, and then, by an international agreement with the iron and steel manufacturers of Germany and Belgium, to mulct the American people for the next ten years as they have mulcted the American people for the last ten years under the Dingley rates. Mr. Carnegie is the arch-schemer to bring this situation about."

Revision of the tariff, then, is the surest way to strengthen the steel monopolists; to vote for a reduction of steel duties is to play into the hands of the trust. An insidious argument, to which Mr. Burleson seems to have surrendered. Will it be allowed to paralyze the efforts of tariff reformers to procure a genuine revision of the protective schedules?

It is easy to accuse Senator Foraker, but hard to answer his cold, clean-cut arguments, nevertheless. And that's the truth of it!

Hains—Miscarriage of Justice.

As regards the effect on society and the moral aspect of verdicts such as that in the Thornton Jenkins Hains case, we are at a loss for words. The problem is one admittedly involving some fine discriminations and abstractions, and is evidently far, far from being settled in this country yet. The greatest trouble with the so-called "unwritten law" is just that same trouble that renders so dangerous its near relative, "lynch law."

Be the ethical point of view what it may, however, in respect of this, one thing stands forth with crystal clearness—the heretofore self-satisfied and complacent North must free its own eye of the beam that has come to obscure its vision before attempting again to pluck the mote from the eye of the anciently accused and vigorously condemned South.

While Tennessee was convicting and sentencing six "night riders" accused of murder in the guise of lynching, New York was freeing this Hains person and turning him loose on society once more!

We call to mind how an Empire State contemporary, with unction and pious gravity, spoke of the "lawless South" immediately following the Reelfoot Lake affair, encompassing within a column of newspaper space a sermon of lofty and uplifting import, pregnant with weighty and patronizing advice to the land of the palmetto and the pine as concerned its future conduct and adherence to the path that is straight, narrow, and exceedingly difficult to travel unflinchingly. It was a truly touching appeal, and should bear abundant fruit—especially around and about its own immediate neighborhood.

Hains has already announced his intention to write "several articles" and a "novel" dealing with and upholding the doctrine known vaguely and indefinitely as the "unwritten law." We apprehend that he will find a somewhat large market for his wares—more's the pity; and we doubt not his ability to set forth his arguments in graceful dress and more or less convincing form. Satan has never lacked eloquent advocates in this world, we believe, and while at times he has made apparently decisive progress, he has not yet triumphed altogether over the hosts of truth and decency, and we have an abiding faith that he never will. And so this is no time for lovers of law and order to be cast down or sore afraid.

The Haimses and the Thaws but crowd to its zenith the fallacy of personal vengeance, and when that zenith is reached it must be passed, and the vile thing the "unwritten law" seeks to glorify must sink to that darkness again whence it originally arose to give some measure of pause to the splendid progress of Christian civilization.

In a clerical court of inquiry we feel sure Senator Tillman would be found guilty of nothing more heinous than a slight backsliding

An Individualist Statesman.

That able young Kentuckian, Mr. Sherley, made a profession of political faith in the House last week that is somewhat unusual in this day and generation; a profession, indeed, that requires a considerable degree of intellectual courage to make. "I, perhaps," said Mr. Sherley, "stand alone in this House in my political philosophy—a philosophy that I might say is only represented by Herbert Spencer." Mr. Sherley probably does not travel the whole way with the Spencerian school of individualists, for it would be impossible to find a political philosophy, short of anarchism, that lies so completely athwart the political and social tendencies of our time. It is hardly too much to say that Spencer's political theories are among the most hopelessly discredited of a long line of political speculation. Mr. Bryce has said of them that they seemed "mere commonplaces, sometimes false, sometimes true, but in both cases trying to disguise their essential flatness and commonness in a garb of dogmatic formalism."

If in the realm of political science they have been rejected, still more have they been disregarded in the forum of public opinion and in the development of political evolution. The course of events has run precisely opposite to that which is set forth as eternally right in the Spencerian scheme, though Mr. Spencer himself foresaw that this would happen. But where Spencer descried the coming slavery, we see what we think to be the emancipation of humanity from an oppressive industrialism, a progress to higher forms of political institutions, and a social, moral, and intellectual advancement by organized effort, using governments as a means to attain conscious ends. Spencer's warnings that the process would be highly dangerous we wholly ignore, just as Mr. Sherley's plea that teaching children to play saps their moral fiber passes for naught among people who believe in the efficacy of socialized action.

Yet it must be admitted that much of what we term social and political progress is on trial, and that no positive conclusions may be reached concerning it. Another great Englishman, Lord Morley, places the belief in progress among the superstitions of our time—a splendid superstition, but a superstition still. Change is the law of all things, and we are rushing on into conditions political, social, and industrial that may be loosely defined as socialistic. May it not be that a great many of the proposals for change that find numerous advocates nowadays would be better understood and their tendencies and possible consequences more intelligently appreciated if tested by the stern individualism and shrewd common sense of Herbert Spencer, just as Mr. Sherley attempted to apply them to the playgrounds idea? Whatever we may think of Spencer's political philosophy as a whole, it is undeniable that there abound in his works many observations—such as that the unknown effects of legislation are often as great as the calculated effects—which ought to guide our statesmen, even though they may be truisms. And do not Spencer's sarcasms respecting the efficacy of various government organs find almost daily illustration?

We shall not know the value of our experiments until they have been tried. Who can tell but that in the long run we may discover more good in the individualistic philosophy than at present we are willing to admit? Government may be overdone, yet we will not believe the philosophers who tell us so. Progress may be progress toward destruction, as Signor Ferrero appears inclined to predict; the idea is unthinkable in terms of our national optimism. Spencer's political philosophy is a sort of cold douche on the popular frame of mind.

"Is the Congressional season to end with a fight or a frolic?" inquires the Boston Journal. Or a few more political funerals?

In China the natives emulate and revere the acts of their ancestors. Over in this country they are used largely as a basis for insanity pleas in murder trials.

"Savannah refuses to pay the near-beer tax on the ground that she does not sell it," says the Dalton (Ga.) Citizen. From this we infer Savannah would be perfectly willing to pay a real beer tax.

"Why doesn't 'Uncle Joe' Cannon talk 'sassy' to the President, and see what would happen?" asks a foolish contemporary. Because lives of great men all remind him that's a risky thing to do; apt to get him into trouble, likewise in the A. Club, too.

On their wedding day the Earl of Granard presented his wife a photograph of his family jewels. The blushing bride, we presume, permitted his lordship to see the color of her money.

It has been settled, we believe, that the Constitution followed the flag to the Philippines, but it hasn't been conclusively shown that it ever got back.

The speaker of the Delaware house of representatives teaches dancing. Our "Uncle Joe" saves time by merely pulling the string.

The anti-prohibition South is probably becoming more and more nearly convinced every day that it never rains but it pours.

Congress seems destined to learn that it isn't the departmental information it asks for, but that which it gets, that makes it happy.

The "Billy 'possum" may now be considered as the duly chosen successor to the "Teddy bear." The official inauguration, however, will take place later on.

"I wish to live quietly in Philadelphia," says Mr. Charlemagne Tower. Well, quiet life in Philadelphia is the surest thing anybody knows.

An investigator says our present punctuation marks have been in use for more than 1,500 years. It does look as if we might have been able to agree upon some uniform plan of employing them by this time, too.

"Tennessee is for sobriety," says the Nashville Tennessean. Perhaps; we hope so, anyway. But the enactment of a prohibition law by the legislature may not be found to be absolute proof of it.

Mr. George Ade approves of the Kaiser. We apprehend his majesty will not know whether to thrill pleasantly or shudder in respect of that.

The Indiana Democratic legislature failed to rise to the John W. Kern situation, and the Nebraska legislature two years hence will probably fail to rise to the William Jennings Bryan situation. However, both these veterans are more or less used to that sort of thing, we fancy.

"What is Congress for?" inquires Mr. Rollo Sanford, in the Philadelphia Ledger. For itself, generally.

Practically every one who goes to Panama returns with glowing words of praise for the work already accomplished, and full of optimism as to the future. This, nevertheless and notwithstanding, will in no wise deter the efforts of the long-distance critics to make it appear otherwise, we feel sure.

An advertiser carefully explains that he does not "sell guaranteed eggs," but "guaranteed fresh eggs." We see. There is not only a distinction, but quite a possible difference.

"It was a Democratic message from a Democratic governor," says the Nashville American, having reference to Gov. Patterson's recent message to the Tennessee senate and house of representatives. Perhaps that is the reason the legislature shot it full of holes.

Fortunately for our Presidents, past and present, Congress has never thought to put them on a contingent salary, to be fixed at the end of their terms.

"Real poems one seldom reads," is the headline in a contemporary. Hum! That includes practically all of them, doesn't it?

Sixteen dollars' postage on one typewriter! More trouble with that pesky ratio!

Had Better Look Out.

From the New York Herald.

If the Senate doesn't look out, it may be ordered on a ninety-eight-mile endurance ride.

Hostile Territory.

From the Boston Transcript.

The President might have ridden farther but for fear of reaching South Carolina.

It May Grow.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Senator Tillman's Ananias Club is rather small, so far, but it is undeniably select.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

IN ADVERTISING.

An "ad" upon some lonely rock
Is very well,
Displayed where crows delight to flock
And weasels dwell.

Such enterprise is well for those
Who would supply
A line of merchandise that crows
Or weasels buy.

But if you're catering to man,
I must confess
No medium is better than
The daily press.

A Bigger Task.

"On New Year's day I stopped drinking and smoking."

"I know you did. Now it's up to you to perform another great feat."

"What is that?"

"Stop bragging about it."

Can't Be Otherwise.

"She is so unbending."

"Well, with these straight-front tube gowns, what is a girl to do?"

As to a Humorist.

"Some of his jokes are far-fetched."

"Yet he maintains an average."

"As to how?"

"Others are near-humor."

The Grocery League.

The loafers come when day is done,
A doughty drove.
And many pennants now are won
Around the stove.

Very Formal.

"Could youse give dat gent at de gate a small handout, mum?"

"Why doesn't he ask for himself?"

"Oh, it's up to me to do dat. I'm his social secretary."

The Old Anecdotes.

"Well, you are getting famous."

"Yes," admitted the latest author, "more famous than I have any right to. Incidents are happening to me that happened to Napoleon and Caesar."

Noticed Any?

"The 1909 models in automobile jokes are out."

"With any noteworthy improvements?"

APPROPRIATIONS IN LUMP.

Congress to Blame for Allowing the Practice to Grow Up.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

It has been the struggle of the English-speaking race for centuries to limit executive power under law, and from the first this idea of popular representative government has centered about the control of the public purse. Mr. Roosevelt may be the wisest and justest of mankind, but there have been or may be Presidents of whom that could not be said. His Secret Service and his various inspectors and investigators may be employed for the best of purposes. That he or any President—Taft or another—should have unlimited sums at his secret disposal, irrespective of the purpose for which they were appropriated by Congress, is a proposition that no American would undertake seriously to defend.

Congress itself is not free from blame for allowing this great system of unexplained contingent funds to grow to its present proportions, though when it did make an effort to restrain it in one department it subjected itself to violent attack. Yet the people generally have grown so careless of what must be considered fundamental principles that when this subject is forced on their attention they are disposed to assume that the President must be right and Congress must be wrong to oppose anything he wants. With respect to larger provision for the secret Service, it may be that he is right. The present dispute is much broader than that. It is entirely whether Congress shall retain the power to designate the objects for which money is appropriated and require compliance with its purposes. This is a power which it has no right to abdicate, even to President Roosevelt.

FOR TUBERCULOSIS MUSEUM.

Proposition to Perpetuate Exhibit Lately Seen Here.

From the Journal of the Outdoor Life.

For three weeks in Washington and for more than a month in New York, there has been on exhibition the most comprehensive display of agencies for the treatment and control of tuberculosis, which has ever been brought together. It has been seen and studied by hundreds of thousands of people, and its lessons carried into the most remote recesses of the land. In a short time, however, it is to be scattered. Its mission is not ended, for many of the individual exhibits are to be used as local exhibits in the States from which they came, but still the broad national character of the collection, to say nothing of its world-wide cosmopolitanism, will be dissipated.

The time is now ripe for the establishment of a permanent tuberculosis museum which shall deal with every phase of this vast problem in a thoroughly adequate manner, and shall place on record in a logical and permanent form the "state of the art" for the suppression of this disease. Such a museum would in many respects be of more value than the present exhibition, and it certainly would be less formidable through elimination of duplication. The good flowing from the exhibit now being held can never be measured. The ramifications of its influence are endless and reach to every hamlet and every walk of life.

Its mission, however, has been largely to arouse, to show to the world and especially to this country, as could have been done in no other way, the vital, insistent necessity which confronts it; and the scope of the problems which must be worked out before the battle is won. The exhibit has been a record of achievements and of diversified methods, and it will be remembered as one of the most wonderful illustrations which the world has yet seen of many minds working earnestly, but individually toward the attainment of a single, definite end.

Same Old Story.

From the Norfolk Landmark.

The performance of Congress in turning fiercely upon Mr. Roosevelt as he is about to leave the Presidency is what might have been expected. It has almost invariably happened when a vigorous man has been the retiring Executive. Washington, Jefferson, Cleveland, and others to whom history has given exalted position were the victims of the same sort of attack. The most tremendous parliamentary blows were inflicted upon President Tyler, the leader of the opposing Congressional rhetoricians being a predecessor in the Presidential chair—John Quincy Adams. And the world has forgotten it.

THE SONG OF THE AUTOMOBILE.

I am humming along, I am singing a song,
I am merrily clipping the miles,
Till the road all the way is a ribbon of gray,
With a blur for the fences and stiles.
There are horses behind that I passed like the wind,
Their chagrin they cannot conceal
At having to take all the dust that I make,
For I am an automobile.

O! where is the car on this giddy old star
That can match me for beauty and speed?
It must be allowed I've a right to be proud,
Since I'm always the one in the lead.
There is nothing so fast in this universe vast
As my body of scarlet and steel.
The wind and the swallow behind me must follow,
For I am an automobile.

—Minna Irving, in Gunter's.

WASHINGTON CHAT.

By THE SPECTATOR.

Prof. Newcomb, whose present illness is a sorrow to many friends, has led such a strenuous life that a breakdown at the age of seventy-four is not surprising. The venerable astronomer is, perhaps, the best-known scientific man in Washington, where his career has been made, although he passed some time in Cambridge when connected with the Nautical Almanac and Ephemeris, which was first published there. His scientific work began at the Capital, however, with a paper published in the National Intelligencer in answer to some upstart who endeavored to refute the Copernican system of astronomy, which monograph brought him the recognition of prominent men the world over, and a life-long friendship with Prof. Henry, who was then secretary of the Smithsonian, was the outcome of it. Between this noted man and the young astronomer there was a close and sympathetic intimacy, and the professor is fond of attesting that he owes more to his encouragement and understanding than to any one else. In fact, he never fails to pay tribute to his early friends. "My debt to him," he says, "will always be remembered by me and my children."

It was through Prof. Henry's influence, indeed, that he was appointed on the Nautical Almanac and Ephemeris, of which he subsequently became the head, a position he held for many years. In Europe Prof. Newcomb's fame is quite as wide as it is in this country, and he never visits there that he is not made the recipient of all possible honors. Last year he passed his vacation abroad, and wherever he went was feted and received with distinguished honor. The account of the decorations, presents, and letters of appreciation he has received would fill a volume, but among the most beautiful and best appreciated by him is a rare vase of jasper, an acknowledgment from the late Czar Alexander III, which he presented the eminent astronomer on behalf of the observatory of Pulkova, and two bronze vases from the Tokyo observatory of wonderful design and great intrinsic value. Some of his other treasures are the gold medal and the Copley medal received from the Royal Astronomical Society of London, and the Huyghens medal from Leyden, which is given only once in twenty years for the most important work accomplished in astronomy; but by all odds the most distinguished honor that has come to Prof. Newcomb is his election to the place made vacant by Prof. Helmholtz's death, as one of the eight foreign associates of the Institute of France, the first American to be so honored since Franklin's association with that body.

During Prof. Newcomb's connection with the National Observatory he came in contact with many scientific cranks whose various schemes and eccentricities appealed to his sense of humor, which is very highly developed. Most of these individuals, as is well known, are ambitious to overturn the established natural laws, and such a one called upon Prof. Newcomb shortly before his retirement.

"Are you Mr. Newcomb?" asked the stranger.

"Yes," answered the professor shortly.

"Prof. Simon Newcomb, the eminent astronomer?"

"That is my name," replied the "eminent astronomer."

"I came to ask you," said the visitor, "what your theory is about the attraction of gravitation."

"Haven't any," said the professor, laconically.

"You haven't any theory about the attraction of gravitation?"

"No."

"You know there is such a thing, don't you?"

"No."

"You know the planets revolve around the sun, surely?"

"Yes, I know that," said Prof. Newcomb, already tired out with his visitor.

"What makes them revolve?" asked the determined investigator, seeing a chance to make the professor talk.

"I know they revolve because I see them, and that's all I know about it."

"And you have no theory about the attraction of gravitation?"

"None."

The crestfallen visitor, who had doubtless overturned the whole Newtonian law, unable to involve the professor in an argument, was forced to retire a disappointed if not a wiser man.

Prof. Newcomb has a charming home in P street, which he built several years ago to meet his especial needs. The most attractive room in it is his library, which is on the first floor between the dining and drawing rooms, and flooded with light as a library should be. The walls are covered with books, but in fact there is hardly a room in the house that has not a book case, as his library far outruns the limits of the wall space in the special room devoted to it. Everything in the room, the books, his desk, and the few pictures, are arranged with mathematical precision, and there is no useless furniture or bric-a-brac to take away its academic character. On a shelf by themselves are the numerous text books of which Prof. Newcomb is the author. Apropos of one of these the professor tells an interesting story of how it happened to be written. One evening, seeing his daughter Anita, now Dr. McGee, whose work in humanitarian and scientific lines is well known, poring over an algebra which he thought too abstruse for a beginner, he said: "Throw that nonsense away, and I will write you something to study." He began that very evening, and wrote a lesson for her to which he added a lesson every day, until she had finished the subject. A complete algebra was the result, the first of his series of mathematical text books to be published. Prof. Newcomb's popular books on astronomy are, perhaps, the most widely read, for they are so direct and simple that any one can understand them, and they have been translated into several languages.

Reckless Lawmaking.

From the Albany Argus.

Massachusetts has a law, known as the "semi-colon law," under which a misplaced semi-colon regulates the liquor traffic in the city of Boston. But this is not a circumstance to an omitted comma as instanced in the following act of the last legislature of Massachusetts: "Whoever operates an automobile or a motorcycle on any public way or private way laid out under the authority of law recklessly or while under the influence of liquor, or so as to endanger the lives or safety of the public," &c. It is now asserted that the reckless motorist can go as he pleases on highways which have not been "laid out under the influence of liquor."

Public Favor Worth Money.

From the New York Evening Post.

The public is weary of continual quibbling on the part of public utility corporations. The gas company may well bear this in mind. Good will, on the part of the public, is worth something in dollars and cents.

Prison Reform.

From the Baltimore American.

The President is urging new prisons for Washington criminals. Doubtless it is merely a coincidence.

The Course of True Love, &c.

From the Florida Times-Union.

The South may be Mr. Taft's affinity, but she's not yet ready to elope with him.

WASHINGTON AS ART CENTER.

Its Growing Beauty an Increasing Element of Attraction.

"R. C.," in the New York Tribune.

Local pride is a fine thing, but national pride is finer, and it is an open question as to whether we may not some day subordinate the annual exhibitions in New York, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg to one of concentrated significance at Washington. The enlargement of the Corcoran Gallery, which is only a question of time, would make this easily practicable. It may be noted, too, that when the architectural renovation of the National Capital, now going forward, is finally rounded out, the city will provide such a setting for a great annual demonstration of artistic progress as could hardly be paralleled anywhere in Europe. Much, no doubt, remains to be done, and several generations may pass before the plans that exist on paper are all carried out in marble and in the materials of the landscape gardener. But it is astonishing to see what has already been accomplished. Millions are being spent upon public buildings, and the new movement for the making of a beautiful city has been developed with so much care that every fabric now rising from the ground is a work of truly monumental architecture. It would be interesting to dwell upon the different contributions that are being made in this artistic campaign, to describe the new office buildings for the Senate and the House, and to exhibit the wisdom with which plenty of space is, little by little, being gained, not simply for buildings but for the background that they need.

The Washington of the future will be admirable at once for its architecture and for its fountains, green sward, and trees. The subject is too large to be treated in passing, but there is one structure, completed not long ago, on which it is irresistible to linger, though it be only for a moment. This is the vast Union Station, designed by Mr. D. H. Burnham. It is a work of magnificent simplicity, perfect in its proportions, genuinely artistic in all its details, and, in short, a standing proof that one of the most prosaic of utilitarian edifices may be invested with a kind of nobility. There is one railway station in Paris in which a similar effort has been made to gain a large artistic result, but the building can hardly be compared with this one, and in no other European capital is there a station worthy to be so much as mentioned in the same breath with Mr. Burnham's majestic composition. Here on the threshold of Washington, quite as much as elsewhere, the imagination is touched with a sense of the ultimate destiny of the city as the logical center for the periodical display of the best in American art.

WOMEN AS HELPMEETS.

Some Tart Criticism of the Petted American Wife.

From the New York Tribune.

The idea that the position of American women is superior to that of any other women in the world is characterized by Mary Heaton Vorse, in the January Appleton's, as a "national delusion." She admits that they are undoubtedly the "most indulged and petted women in the world," but as for real respect she thinks that the downtrodden German hausfrau gets more. "The German husband may seem to us unchivalrous in the minor details of life. He may talk with brutal disparagement about the female brain, but when he goes out to amuse himself it doesn't occur to him to go alone. He takes with him his wife and his children. That pathetic person whose husband neglects her for the society of men, for whom our tears flow so often in this country, is not found in Germany."

The reason assigned is that by her skillful household management the hausfrau has become a source of wealth to the country. The part which women play in the national life is what makes them pre-eminent or relatively unimportant, says the article. "The amount of small courtesy shown them really does not make much difference. Show me a country where its women add to the country's wealth by participating in the business of that country, or by their thrift, and I will show you a country where the economic position of women is a higher one." In France, where the woman is her husband's comrade and business partner, she has the most power.

"As a contrast to this, the American man stands alone. The women folk of his family do not help him. As far as his business goes, it is quite immaterial to him whether he has a wife or whether he has not. Our men may talk as much as they like about the uplifting influence of a noble woman, and of the tangible support that the thought of her nobility gives them. It does not alter the fact that the average American man transacts all the business of his life without ever dreaming of turning to his life's partner for any counsel in the matter—and generally without her even having any knowledge of the business in hand."

There is comradeship between young girls and men, Mrs. Vorse finds, but it ceases just at the time when the latter began the real business of life. For this state of affairs she thinks the women are to blame.

"When a man first marries it is his instinct to take his wife into partnership with him. It is natural for a man to want to talk about that which takes up most of the hours he is awake to the person he cares for most in the world." But the wife checks these advances according to her nature and disposition. "Either she will slip her arm through John's and say, coaxingly: 'Don't let's talk about horrid business, dear; let's talk about something nice. You ought to rest when you get home.' Or less agreeable and more honest, she may admit frankly that business bores her."

So the man actually comes to think that he ought to leave his business cares at the office. He sits "bored and silent in his own home," while his wife complains that he is "so absorbed in business that he has no interest left for anything else."

"I do not for a moment mean," the article concludes, "to bring the influence of woman in her household down to a matter of dollars and cents, but it is not probable that the spiritual bond between man and woman was ever less because they were helpful partners to each other in the affairs of everyday life."

Upholding Forestry Laws.

From the Boston Herald.

It is highly gratifying to find the Western higher courts standing back of the Federal laws passed to protect the forests. The difficulty of meeting new governmental duties with suitable laws is always felt in the earlier stages of a reform, and there are many selfish interests affected by the forestry laws which will spare no expense in attack. The oftener the forestry laws get judicial approval, as by the Colorado Supreme Court this week, the better for the cause.

Dry Territory.

From the Springfield Republican.

Tennessee seems to have been added suddenly to the already large dry area of the South. From the Kentucky line to the Gulf, prohibition will soon be supreme; and one can now ride from Virginia to the Mississippi River without being able lawfully to buy a drink of whisky or a glass of beer.

Spoils Die Hard.

From the Boston Transcript.

The same impeccable Senate that feels so keenly Roosevelt's shortcomings voted by an overwhelming majority to have the forthcoming census taken on the spoils basis.

AT THE HOTELS.

"Lincoln said, 'You can never teach a people how to be free as long as you keep them in bondage,'" said Prof. Lewis A. Mills, of Philadelphia, who is at the New Willard, discussing the question of the Philippines government.

"In the Philippines we hold 7,000,000 people against their will because we are the stronger," continued the Quaker City pedagogue, "and we say that we do it from humanity, and that we intend to educate them, so that they may some day govern themselves. But, be our position right or wrong, we are departing from the clause in the Declaration of Independence. To quote Lincoln again: 'No man is good enough to govern another without the consent of the governed.'

"We, of all nations, are least able to deal with a race not our own. Our dealings with the Indians are termed a century of dishonor. We do not know how to deal even with the negro. In the South and West he is not sure of his life. In Philadelphia he can hardly find a good position, though he may be competent as a stenographer, lawyer, or whatnot.

"The objection to letting the islands go," added Mr. Mills, "is that 'some other power would get them.' This is not so, for it could easily be arranged by international agreement to make them a neutral country, as has been done in the case of Holland and Switzerland. If we do not let them go now, we will never let them go. Let us see that the rights of every citizen in this, our great country, are respected to the uttermost before we undertake to govern a people against their will."

George B. Harrell, of Leeds, England, and Calcutta, India, who is on a return visit to England from India, where he is engaged in engineering projects, speaking of the development of India, said last night that this development of India's material resources was strikingly illustrated by the formal opening of the Jhelum power installation near Baramulla, Kashmir, by Sir Francis Younghusband, the British resident, who performed the ceremony.

"By request of his highness," continued the foreigner, who is at the Arlington, "Sir Francis switched on the power to one of the generators, and at once the whole generating machinery was set in motion.

"Power at a pressure of 30,000 volts was transmitted to Barmulla for the purpose of operating the dredging fleet, which had been constructed there, and to Srinagar for operating the silk factory. These places are distant twenty and fifty miles, respectively, from the power station. This gigantic undertaking originated three years ago, and has been carried to a successful issue by the untiring genius of Maj. de Lothiniero, in spite of the most trying obstacles."

Discussing the gift to the people by the heirs of Charles E. Perkins, of Boston, former president of the Burlington road, of the Garden of the Gods, one of the seven scenic wonders of the American continent, C. Q. Thatcher, of Denver, Colorado, who is at the Raleigh, said yesterday that papers had been filed with the proper authorities whereby the children and heirs have deeded to three trustees the 480 acres comprising the Garden of the Gods, authorizing them to transfer the same free of charge to the city of Colorado Springs before January 1, 1911.

"The tract was secured by Mr. Perkins in 1879, and has always been free to the public," continued Mr. Thatcher. "It was his wish that this scenic attraction forever be open to the world, and it is in accordance with his expressed wishes that the transfer was made.

"Once the worshiping place of the Indian, it has now become the point of pilgrimage to the white man. No scenic feature of the Pike's Peak region has such a world-wide fame as the Garden of the Gods. Passing through its gigantic rock portals, 330 feet in height, one enters a region where Titanic forces have been at play. Here are cathedral spires and balanced rocks weighing 1,000 tons—strange, grotesque shapes. Mammoth caricatures of animals crouch or spring from vantage points hundreds of feet in the air or gleam oddly from the pines.

"At the base of Pike's Peak lies Manitou. Here are the mineral springs to which the Indians brought their sick long before the coming of the white man, and since the healing waters were the gift of the Great Spirit, they named their paradise Manitou. The natural wonders of the Garden of the Gods cannot be described, as they must be seen to be fully appreciated."

Newton B. McDonough, of Chicago, a lawyer of that city, who is here on business before the departments, and is at the Shoreham, spoke about the modern tendency toward centralization in the American government yesterday. He said:

"We have recently had brought forcefully to our attention the difference between European government of olden days and to-day. Europe has been advancing toward liberty ever since America set the pace, but along different lines. We have led the advance toward liberty from the time of the Revolution, but to-day we talk of centralization in government. It is because we are so busy with our industrial activities that we have no longer any time for politics, as in the old days. We have departed from the old debate, and even the town meeting is not what it used to be. In our cities we have tried to remedy civil evils by centralization of government, but this has failed, and why should we expect the plan to succeed for the nation? An executive to-day is expected to control the legislature and his congress, and we have been building up executives at the expense of our legislative bodies. It is time to stop and look and listen and see if there is any mistake. Madison, Jefferson, and Washington all said that as long as we kept the three departments of the executive, the legislative, and the judicial separate there would be no danger of the preservation of liberty, but once let one attempt to do the duty of the other, and the nation would weaken. We ought, even, to pass a law to prevent executives in the future from getting too much power from the legislative branch. There is no student of the times, so far as I know, who does not say that the President has more power than any king or emperor."

Passing of the Vanderbilt.

From the Philadelphia Record.

W. C. Brown, the new president of the New York Central, is not a Vanderbilt. There are plenty of Vanderbilts, and most of them are pretty good fellows and capable railroad men, but no descendant of the old commodore is the chief executive of the great railroad system he established. Mr. Callaway began work as a clerk in a freight office. Mr. Newman, who has just resigned, began in an equally modest way. Mr. Brown, the new president, is fifty-five; at sixteen he was a section boss. Afterward he was a telegraph operator and a train dispatcher and he has occupied almost every station in the railroad service until after a few years of a vice presidency he succeeds to the presidency of this great corporation.

Over the Tub.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

The "tube" figure is announced as the latest fashion. Still, the old tub figure will remain very much in evidence.

Shake-up Center.

From the Brooklyn Times.

Washington seems to be shifting these days. It is now in the heart of the earthquake zone.